Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE"

NO. 18,—VOL. XVI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1804. NO. 799.

THE RIGID FATHER.

[CONTINUED.]

LETTER XIV.

M. BERNSTORF TO M. RICHTER.

Hamburg.

YOU remember, my good friend, that finished knave at Amsterdam with whom we had that affair concerning the young man he wished to send away by force to Batavia: he is that same Schocher who has carried off the poor girl. This time I hope he will not be able to escape me. I have wound my net close round him, and he cannot take a step without my knowing it. Nobody comes to him but I am able to learn whence he comes, where he lives, and what his business is with him. But as yet we have not seen, nor scarcely heard, any thing of the girl. He has, however, been to Luneburg---his dress and every thing exactly agree. This time I will go to work more cautiously than I did at Amsterdam. You cannot conceive what a hypocrite, and how artful the fellow is. He has acquired a considerable property here by usury and knavery, as I imagine. Had I not known him at Amsterdam, I could have sworn to his honesty, notwithstanding your letter; for all his neighbors speak highly of him, as he pretends to great honesty, and even religion, and is constant in his attendance at church. He has a small house and a kind of a farm in the neighborhood of Hamburg. I learn that he came there with his wife and a young girl, bathed in tears and pale as death. They remained there, however, only a few hours, and then proceeded in a coach to Hamburg. I will yet pledge my word that I will discover where she is. Send me only, under the hand of her mother or her brother, an authority which may enable me to act should necessity oblige me to have recourse to it.

I perceive by all your letters how constantly you have before your eyes the melancholy scene, when you committed the dead body of your wife to the deep, and your daughter was plunged into the sea of death---but also, into the ocean of eternal joys. But you do not mention my son. Good old friend, you complain that you are a forlsaken childless father! Am not I more unhappy? Your Julia is dead; my son is a debauchee. I fear, without any remaining principle of virtue, Who has most cause to lament?

He is only thoughtless and giddy, say you, to console me. My heart is willing to say the same: but then a voice exclaims, he has committed base crimes; and this voice is more dreadful than the howling of the waves which swallowed up your daughter. Where is my son? When I deliver the unfortunate, when I shield them from the evils of poverty, when I see them around me happy, it ever occurs to me, how feeble are our virtues. We can aid the wretched; but to the greatest of wretchedness, guilt, we can afford no relief. I ask thee, Richter, hast thou ever reconciled a wicked man to virtue? and if thou hast not done that (dull, infect, that you are!), what hast thou done?---Nothing.

Did I only know where he is. I would with tears, with the warmest affection, throw myself on his heart till it opened to receive me. Once more would I make the fearful experiment: and if it should not succeed----O Richter! O my friend!

LETTER XV.

M. BERNSTORF TO M. RICHTER.

Hamburg.

I ALWAYS feel myself perplexed, and in one degree feeble and timid, when I have to do with a knave; for I cannot avoid the thought that I may some time meet with one who is as determinedly bent on doing evil, as you and I are desirous to do good. This thought occurred to me with renewed force when I this morning went to Schocher. You remember with what deliberate cunning the rogue acted at Amsterdam, and how at last we were obliged to have recourse to high language before he would give way. I believe I walked up and down the street and passed his door ten times before I knocked, running over in my mind all the falsehoods and artifices to which he might have recourse, and preparing myself against all his subterfuges.

I had with me a young man, not deficient either in understanding or spirit, who in case of necessity might be a witness. All my inquiries after the girl had been ineffectual; I was therefore obliged to apply to Mr. Schocher. I was introduced to him; and as soon as he saw me, he fixed his eyes on me, and seemed as if endeavoring to recollect where he had seen me before---but this only for a moment---after which he resumed his former easy and careless air, and asked me what were my commands.

"Mr. Schocher," said I, very calmly, "or ought I not rather to say Mr. Luders?"

You perceived I endeavored, if possible, to disconcert the fellow; but he did not alter a single muscle of his face.

"Luders," said he, "is indeed my true name, Scocher is not. My uncle, who was of the latter name, adopted me, and I passed for his son. I therefore generally write both names --- Luders otherwise Schocher."

"You have, sir, however, at least a third name; for at Luneburg you very lately passed by the name of Muller."

I thought now I should see some little symptom of confusion in his countenance; but he only smiled and nodded his head, as much to say "Very true."

"And may I enquire your name, sir?" said he with the most careless and confident air.

"My name sir, is Bernstorf."

He clapped his finger to his forehead.

"Bernstorf! Bernstorf!" said he: "have I not had the honor to see you somewhere before?"

"Yes," answered I coldly: "You have seen me in Amsterdam, Mr. Luders, with my friend Mr. Richter: do you not recollect?"

"How should I not recollect what was in its effects of so much consequence, and indeed real benefit to me? I am extremely glad to see you, my dear Mr Bernstorf. You will permit me----

He made an offer to ring the bell but I prevented him.

"I have since grown old," continued he; and, casting an apparently fixed look on me, "I can see too the marks of age in you my good friend. We were then ardent young men! Every thing is as present to my memory as if it had happened yesterday---You will do me the pleasure to breakfast with me.--It was a happy circumstance for me that accident brought us together at Amsterdam. I have since been convinced how much you was in the right. I then thought it was of little consequence whether a man lived and died in this part of the world or another. Gracious heaven! how wicked a man may be who does not allow himself time to reflect!---My dear Mr. Bernstorf, you must do me the favor to breakfast with me; and if it is in my power to render you any service, you have only to speak. I have to thank you for the present tranquility and the greatest happiness of my life; for the young man whom I had intended to send to India, is now the happy father of seven well educated children."

All this the knave said with as much seeming honesty and satisfaction of heart, as if he had possessed the best conscience in the world.

"I am very much pleased," said I, "Mr, Schocher, to hear this---It is in your power to render me a service." (he seemed to listen with attention.) "You brought with you from Luneburg, when you was there by the name of Muller, a young girl of the name of Augusta Silverman."

He nodded assent in a very composed and amicable manner.

"I thought," said he, "that could not be expected long to remain a secret."

I had supposed he would deny the fact, and was so much surprised by his answer, that I remained silent for a short time. He was silent likewise, and I was obliged to repeat my question.

"I cannot," said he, "answer your inquiry satisfactorily, till I know how far you are authorised to make it."

"Mrs Silverman," said I, "has wished that I should see and speak with her daughter:" and I produced her letter.

"To this," said he, "I can have no objection you shall certainly see and speak to the girl within an hour or two; for she is at present at a little farm I have about three miles from hence."

He rose, and was going to the door, but I stopped him---"You must excuse me," said I, "Mr. Schocher,

I do not place implicit confidence in you: we will, if you please, go together."

I then rang the bell, and a servant came in, whom I ordered to procure a coach. Schocher smiled, and shook his head.---"You will permit me, however," said he, "Mr. Bernstorf, "to look again at Mrs. Silverman's letter: distrust is catching."

He looked the letter cursorily over, and said, "It is all very right. You will pardon me," said he: "we will go to the girl immediately: let me only speak for a moment to my wife."

"You shall not stir from the place without me," said I, thinking that I had now fairly caught him.

"You are a very extraordinary man," answered he: "but if I were not willing to comply with all this extravagance, how could you force me? But, you shall have the girl if you please; though I had the best intentions towards her I have no children, and I proposed to have treated her in every respect as if she had been my own daughter."

The coach had now arrived; and he told the servant that he was going to the farm with those

two gentlemen, and that they need not wait dinner for him. As we went along, he spoke of the weather, and the probability that the ensuing harvest would be very fine, with the most perfect composure. When we reached the house, the housekeeper and two maids came running to the door of the carriage, and with every appearance of the utmost confusion and concern exclaimed—"Indeed, sir, we are not to blame; Miss Silverman went away without our knowledge yesterday evening."

"Miss Silverman gone!" cried he: "Impossible! You do not know the consequence of her going in such a manner."

"What," said I, "my good sir," clapping him on the shoulder, "has she escaped you?"

He turned hastily round, and said to me, "Not a word till I examine these people."

"If you please," answered I, "I will examine them myself, while you go into the garden with my companion.

"I hope," said he, "you will not loose too much time; we must endeavor to find her."

He now left me, and the person who accompanied me went with him. I immediately enquired strictly of both the maids how the affair had happened. They were both uniform in their story, which was confirmed by some other servants.

The poor girl had come to the house with Schocher, had been continually in tears, and seemed to wish to return to Luneburg. After some days, an elderly man, in a dark brown great coat, made his appearance, and had a long conversation with her. He came every day, and, at last, yesterday, with a coach, which he left at the garden door. Augusta packed up all the things she had with her, and went with them through the garden. The maids, who saw her, followed her, but did not dare to interrupt her, because they had been ordered to let her do what she pleased. She threw her bundle into the carriage sprang into it, and called to the maids—"Give my compliments to your deceitful master." The coach drove away, but not towards Hamburg.

This, friend Richter, is all I could obtain from the unanimous accounts, complaints, and excuses of the maids and other servants. Here can be no deception: for the people in the village saw every thing that passed. Augusta very anxiously inquired whether the person with whom she came was named Schocher or Muller; and being told Schocher, appeared very thoughtful.

I now went into the garden. Schocher came forwards to meet me, and inquired, seemingly with eagerness, whether I was satisfied. I fixed my eyes attentively on him when I told him that I inclined to think him innocent: he did not, however manifest in his countenance the least trace of that joy I might expect him to show in consequence of successful deception. But still I did not part with him thus.

"I cannot," said I, "after all, entirely get rid of the suspicion that you are deceiving me, and that you act as the instrument of the Willmans."

"Well!" said he with the utmost calmness: "whatever your suspicions may be, they cannot deprive me of the consciousness of having intended to perform a good action. I should not bear so easily with your injurious suspicions, did I not know that you in some measure have a right to suspect me from what passed at Amsterdam. I will, however, give you a candid account of the whole transaction, and honestly state to you my intentions."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAXIM.—A wife man valueth content more than riches, and a virtuous mind, rather than great preferment.

TO CHEERFULNESS.

COME, Cheerfulness, soft smiling queen!
Come, sweet enchantress of the soul!
Come with thy always pleasing mein,
And in me reign without controul.

Best good that Heaven has lent mankind,
With smiles thy face is always dress'd;
Come, reign for ever in my mind!
Come, take possession of my breast!

Thy presence, then, will cure beguile;
I'll never think on my sad state;
On all the cares of life I'll smile,
And be contented with my fate.

Then they who are in pleasures lull'd,
Shall never be envy'd by me;
I'll ne'er envy the great their gold,
When bless'd, O Cheerfulness! with thee.

My hours will then with gladness move;
My moments will be free from care,
Free as the songsters of the grove,
The wing'd inhabitants of air.

Then, Cheerfulness! enchanting queen!
O hear the prayer address'd to thee,
Loveliest of nymphs, come with me reign!
Celestial fair, come dwell with me.

SONNET.

OH! could the beam that lights the opening East,
And flings a dazzling rainbow on the wave!
With genial warmth revive the lifeless breast,
And chase the lingering shadows of the grave!

Or ope the marble portals of the tomb,
To weeping love restore the faded form!
On the wan cheek restore the rofeate bloom,
Thrill through the heart, and all its pulses warm!

Then might I watch the setting stars burn pale,
As the wide concave throne in orient light,
And bless the music of the matin gale,
Waking the slumberers from sepulchral night:

And the faint gleam of doubtful rapture trace,
As rofy life blushed on each well-known face.

ON GOOD NATURE.

GOOD sense and learning may esteem obtain;
Humor and wit a laugh if rightly ta'en;
Fair Virtue admiration may impart;
But 'tis Good Nature only moulds the heart.

It moulds the body to an easy grace,
And brightens every feature of the face;
It smooths the unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.

HOPE.

'TIS Hope whose gentle whisper calms my breast,
Bless'd Hope! who kindly points to happier days;
Who ne'er forsakes the unfortunate and distress'd,
Nor leaves us then, when health and life decays.

Not like the niggard world, doth thou impart
Thy partial gifts, to affluent and great;
Thou lov'st to sooth alike, the broken heart
Of him who lives in lowly humble state.

SONG

ADDRESSED BY A LADY TO HER LOVER,

To whom she had fled for Protection from the tyranny of a cruel Father. When the retired, the young man expected his alarm, that her character might suffer by the action.

TURN, turn away, Orlando, dear!
Nor meet my blushing eye;
Heed not this swift repentant tear,
Nor yet my bosom's sigh.

Blame not this fond confiding heart,
Which form'd the rash decree;
Nor from my soul its virtue part,
For refuge fought with thee!

AN ESSAY ON HOPE.

THE merchant traverses the seas, but it is the hope of being recompensed by riches, that makes him despise the dangers of rocks and tempests. The husbandman bends under his blow, and bedews the earth with his sweat; but that earth is to feed him, and he would never be at the pains of cultivating it, did he not expect the reward of his labor. Whatever are our enterprises, hope is the motive, it is the foretaste of our success, and at least for a time a real good in the want of that which escapes us. It is a joy anticipated which sometimes deceives; but while it subsists; affords us a pleasure which seldom yields to the enjoyment of that which it promises, and often effaces the pleasure we have already tasted in the most happy situation. And how could we wish tranquility enjoy life, if we did not live from day to day in the hope of prolonging it? There are scarcely any of the sick, even those afflicted with the most desperate disease, who do not flatter themselves at the approach of death, and hope for a cure almost at the moment they expire. We carry even our hopes beyond the grave, and endeavor to immortalize ourselves in the memory of men. Filled with this flattering idea, we are more disposed to plunge without return into the abyss of eternity.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THE late Countess of Huntingdon, the winter of 1787, received a cover directed to her, inclosing two masquerade tickets. She paid no regard to the insult; but, giving them to one of her deacons, bade him send them to some coffee-house at the west end of the town, and get what money he could for them, and give it to any deserving object of distress he thought proper. He accordingly disposed of them for a guinea, and with it, and some small addition to it, liberated a poor man from the Poultry Compter. Prudence and tranquility of mind, benevolence, penetration, and acute observation, are said to have been the science of the Countess of Huntingdon. She delighted in meditation, that spring of unceasing pleasures, and true school of Wisdom. It is but justice to her memory to say, that she strictly adhered to the maxim of the primitive christians, viz. "that Religion consisted not in *talking*, but in *doing* good things."

EXTRACT.

THE tempest of the soul, like that of the elements, can endure but for a season. Time smooths the sorrows of misfortune: for hope diverted of a darling object, like a bird deprived of one friendly spray, flies to another; and looks forward to new sources of enjoyment—Happy temperament of human nature, that like the yielding stalk, bends to the rough blasts of misfortune, and again resumes its wonted station, prepared for new incidents, to complete the varied, chequered scene. —So true are the words of inspiration. Sorrow may continue for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

ANECDOTE.

A centinel on duty was interrupted by a lady of the very first breeding—"Who goes there?" said the centinel, "you cannot pass." "Not pass," exclaimed the enraged fair, "do you know who I am, fellow! do you know that I am the Colonel's *own* lady." "That's neither here nor there," returned the honest military watchman; "if you were the Colonel's own wife you should not walk here!"

NEW-YORK, MAY 5, 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are adults 23—children 14—Total 37.

PROCLAMATION.

By De Witt Clinton, Mayor of the City of New-York.

Whereas it has been represented to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonality of the city of New-York in Common Council convened, That there is reason to believe that the last fires near the Bowery-Road were wilfully perpetrated. In order therefore that the offenders may be brought to condign punishment; I do hereby, at the request and in behalf of the Common Council, offer a reward of *Three Hundred Dollars* for the discovery of either of them, to be paid upon the conviction of the offender or offenders.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the seal of the (L.S.) Mayoralty of the said city to be affixed this 30th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1804.

DEWITT CLINTON.

On the 23d ult. a number of persons, both white and black, were fishing with their nets in the falls of James' River, when the water rose so suddenly, and to such a prodigious height, that three or four of the negroes were drowned; and others it is said, were obliged to remain on rocks, and in an island, for more than twenty-four hours. We are told, that, at 8 o'clock in the forenoon, the water rose about two feet in the course of one minute. It came down in a mighty torrent, as if a stupendous dam, with irresistible force, had been swept from its base. Hundreds of spectators stood for many hours on the bank of the river, while a number of individuals, at the hazard of their lives, made every possible exertion to save the unfortunate from the jaws of death. The poor fellows, surrounded by the foaming waves, were nearest to the Manchester shore; and a greater number of the citizens of Richmond would have gone to their relief, but for the expence of toll at Col. Mayo's bridge. The poorer sort, who are less afraid of water than the rich, had not nine pence to spare. Canoes and boats were employed to every possible advantage, and many of these unfortunate people taken off the rocks and landed safe on shore.

When the spectators saw before their eyes a number of human beings on the brink of a liquid grave, a spirit of sympathy pervaded the concourse, and involuntary tears flowed in copious showers.

It is said, that several persons, who were foremost in hazarding their lives to rescue the sufferers, have not only been liberally rewarded, but that one, who was a slave, has since been emancipated for his services on this occasion.

Captain Peterson, arrived at Philadelphia from Gonaives, informs that a gentleman arrived at Gonaives on the 1st of April, who stated that 10 days previous, a general massacre of the whites had taken place at Port-au-Prince, and that the massacre was to be carried all over the Southern department. The Americans were treated with great respect throughout all the island, except at the Cape, where Christophe inflicted the greatest cruelties upon every description, without regard to age or sex.

A letter received in town yesterday morning from Capt. Ellison, of the Amiable Matilda, dated the 20th of February, off the Cape of Good Hope, mentions that the day after leaving Calcutta the vessel experienced a tremendous gale of wind, which obliged them to cut away the mainmast. They had, proceeded however thus far under good jury masts, and expected to continue their voyage without putting in at the Cape.

Capt. Coleman, arrived at Nantucket, from Salem, touched at Gibralter on his passage, and there saw a letter from Commodore Preble, informing of his having taken a very valuable Tripolitan ship, and another prize, with 30 gentlemen and as many ladies, on a party of pleasure; with these it was expected he would be able to exchange the officers of the Philadelphia frigate.

The Board of Health at Philadelphia has given notice to the pilots of the Delaware, and all masters or commanders of vessels arriving there, that the visits of the lazaretto physicians and quarantine masters to vessels from foreign ports will commence from the first day of May instant.

We are extremely sorry to learn that the ship Boston, Capt. John Salter, has been taken at Nootka Sound, (N. W. Coast) by the natives of that place. The Boston was fitted out in England, where most of her crew were shipped. The following are the names of the officers; Capt. John Salter, commander,; Mr. John B Delouify, 1st mate; Mr. William Ingraham, 2d mate; Mr. James Fillebrown, carpenter; Mr. Wm. Cromwell, boatswain.

We learn, that Mr. Eaton is to go out to Tripoli, to negociate peace with that Regency; or to bring the war to a prompt issue.

Extract of a letter from the Cape of Good Hope, dated January 24.

"There is a French ship in the bay, (the Geographe) which has been three years in search of the ships of the celebrated Peyrouse. She found two men among the natives of New-Zealand, who had belonged to them, and were the only survivors out of the two ships, and have since died on board the Geographe. They informed, that one of the ships was burnt, and the other, (Peyrouse's own ship) went to pieces."

We are sorry to announce the death of Capt. WILSON, of the ship John Buckley.---He died 8 days out from Batavia.

[*It would seem by the following card which we copy from a Baltimore paper, that the capricious dame called Fashion, has been playing some pranks with the beaux in that city which are unknown to us. We republish the article for the purpose of cautioning our readers against alarm, in case they should see a pair of toes, such as described, entering our city from the southward.* [Phil. pap.

A CARD.

Mr. DOBBIN,

I beg leave through the medium of your paper, to apologise to the proprietor of a new fashioned pair of boots, the toes of which my carriage ran over last evening in Market-street; the gentleman himself standing some distance up Gay-street, was not observed until it was impossible to prevent the accident.

SENEX.

N. B. Gentlemen wearing those boots, should be cautious how they extend their toes across the streets, as they may be the means of upsetting carriages and dislocating limbs.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Each by each admir'd,
In mutual honor, mutual fondness join'd;
Like two fair fires, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shine,
Aiding each other's brightness.

MARRIED,

On Sunday the 15th ult. at Stonington, by Elder Avery, Esq. Major PAUL BABCOCK, to Miss LUCY BELL, both of that place.

On Saturday evening the 21st ult by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. ISAAC ROSE, to Miss MARIA ULSHOEFFER, both of this city.

On Sunday evening the 22d ult by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. SAMUEL B. WHITE, to Miss SARAH UNDERHILL, both of this city.

On Tuesday the 24th ult. by William Williams, Esq. Mr. ICHABOD TAYLOR, of Wetherly, to Miss ABIGAIL HAZARD, of New-London.

On Thursday evening the 26th ult. at Metinicock, (L. I.) by the Rev Mr. Earle, Mr. CHARLES THORN, jun. to Miss PHIANY COCK, daugater of Mr. Daniel Cock.

EPIGRAM.

HERE lies JOHN SULLEN; and it is God's will,
He that was Sullen, shall be Sullen still
He still is Sullen: If the truth you seek,
Knock until doom's-day---Sullen will not speak.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be prefented a new Play never performed here, called, The

Hero of the North.

Founded on the Hiftory of Guftavus Vafa.

With new Scenery and Decorations.

To which will be added, a Comedy, called,

Mrs Wiggins.

25,000 *Dollars the higheft prize.*

For fale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Pres-Slip,

TICKETS

In Lottery No. II. for the ENCOURAGEMENT of LITERATRUE,

A few Tickets are yet on hand.

☞ TICKETS REGISTERED & EXAMNED.

LITERARY ACADEMY

E. ELY refpectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his ACADEMY from No 4 Front, to No 40 Partition-ftreet, where he will continue to inftruct young gentlemen in the languages, and feveral branches of ufeful and polite Literature. Mr. ELY will open a MORNING SCHOOL for young ladies in Geography, Lectures on the ufe of the Globes, Grammar, &c. Hours of attendance from 6 to 8, A. M.

May 5, 1804 799--t.f.

FOUND on Monday laft a POCKET BOOK, whoever has loft the fame may have it by proving property and applying at this Office. May 5, 1804.

E. THOMPSON,

Silk, Cotton, and Woolen Dyer, No. 26 Broad-ftreet,

CLEANS and dyes all forts of filks and ftuffs. Gentlemen's clothes cleaned and dyed. Ladies gowns dyed and glazed. Silk ftockings and camel hair fhawls elegantly cleaned and calleandered. Chip hats dyed and neatly finifhed Feb. 25. 789.tofe

COURT OF APOLLO.

LINES

Written during the late storm.

AH! ceafe, ye bluft'ring winds to blow,
Ye elements your conflict ceafe;
Where fhall the houfelefs child of woe,
Repofe its weary head in peace?

The hapleſs wand'rers on the main,
To ev'ry vexious care a prey;
Ah! fee dark horrors round them reign,
Nor hope emits one cheering ray!

So on life's treach'rous ocean caſt,
If round MISFORTUNE's billows roll,
Keen blows Negleft's cold cutting blaſt,
And chills the ardor of the ſoul!

Ah ye! who glide on Pleaſure's ſtream,
Ne'er by experience taught to feel,
Frown not upon the woe fraught theme,
Leſt it perchance a tear might ſteal.

For hard is the heart and cold the breaſt,
That mourns not in a night like this;
Full many a ſoul that ſinks to reſt,
Reſt of each long expected bliſs.

For vainly has delufive hope,
Preſented to their longing view,
Each dear, relative tender tye,
Which desire ſtill by abſence grew.

For now no anxious friends ſhall hail,
With rapte'rous joy their quick return;
Man's feeble tye on bliſs how frail—
His brighteſt proſpect doom'd to mourn.

Loud howl the ſtorm—the waters roar!
Ah! be each riſing ſigh ſuppreſt,
For grief and pain can wound no more,
Life's dorm is paſt, and all's at reſt.

THE following is a verbal tranſlation of an Inkmaker's ſhop bill in China. From the ſtyle and ſpirit of this article, we are led to believe that a ſtrong reſemblance exiſts between the Chineſe and the TRUE INDIAN.

SUNHOWA, the name of the place where the ink is manufactured, and whence it derives its name.

Very good Ink, very fine, very fine, very old ſhop, grand-father, father and ſelf make this ink; fine and hard; very hard, pick'd out very fine and black, before now. Sell very good ink, prime coſt is very dear; this ink is heavy, ſo is gold; no one make like it; the others that make ink do it for money, and to cheat, I only make it for a name. Plenty of gentlemen know my ink; my family never cheat; always a good name. I make ink for the emperor, and all the mandarins round. All gentlemen muſt come to my ſhop and know my name.

THE motto of the Engliſh arms is "Honi ſoit qui mal-y-penſe." A Yorkſhire wag reading it on the ſign of a public inn, rendered it thus—"Honey, ſuet, quills, and malt penſe."

LEE'S LONDON LIQUID BLACKING,

Warranted not to injure the Leather.

THIS Blacking is eminently ſuperior to any ever offered for ſale in the United States, for beautifying and preſerving Boots and Shoes; it gives them a moſt excellent fine black glaſs, keeps them ſoft, ſmooth and pliable, prevents them from cracking, and never fails. It will alſo reſtore the glaſs on black morrocco, and give it all its original luſtre. Sold wholeſale and retail, by C. LEE, at his Boot and Shoe ſtore, No. 120 Broadway, oppoſite the City Hotel.

N. B. Great allowance to thoſe who take to ſell again

*** C LEE has likewiſe on hand a good aſſortment, of gentlemen's Boots and Shoes, Ladies beſt morrocco and Leather Slippers. 796—t. f.

TO LETT,

A ready furniſhed large and airy SCHOOL ROOM, that has been occupied as ſuch a number of years paſt, in Ruſh Rutgers-ſtreet. Inquire in the ſame ſtreet, No. 5, of JONATHAN COWDREY.

MORALIST.

ON RESIGNATION.

Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

SCRIPTURE does not enjoin ſorrow as ſomewhat of virtue, it only forbids us to ſorrow as men without hope; but, after Nature has ſhed her tributary tears, and diſcharged her burden, Religion may come in to pacify and reconcile us; we may not be able to enjoy the frivolous diverſions of the world, but we ſhould ſubſtitute a calm, reſigned and compoſed temper; we ſhould be ſerious without deſpondency; dejected, without impatience; and reſigned, without complaint. As we are here only ſojourners and travellers, and look for a more ſubſtantial reſidence, a reſidence founded upon a rock, a reſidence of happineſs and joy.

"Where virtue triumphs, and her foes are bliſs."

The leſſon I have been inculcating, is, indeed, at firſt, hard to be endured, though by no means above our accompliſhing. We are not tempted above what we are able to bear; but let me not be ſuppoſed to recommend inſenſibility; my intentions are far otherwiſe: but I with all mankind to conſider the impropriety of indulging a deſponding temper. Revelation from on high, has diſcovered to us a reſting place through the lowering gloom of adverſity: there then let us fix our hearts and minds, and calmly bear thoſe light afflictions, which are but for a moment; ſtedfaſtly and firmly convinced, that they will work for us a far more exceeding and eternal brightneſs of glory.

CARPETS AND CARPETING.
BANCKER & MOORE,
No 192 BROADWAY.

HAVE juſt received and offer for ſale 13 bales of ingrained and common Carpeting.—Alſo a very handſome aſſortment of the following articles, which they will diſpoſe of on reaſonable terms:

4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 7-4 white, black, and colored SilkShawls,
Elegant Damaſk Triangular Silk Shawls,
Fine French Cambries, Long Lawns,
Fine undreſſed Iriſh Linens,
Common ditto,
Iriſh and Flemiſh Sheeting,
Ruffia and Iriſh Diapers, Table Cloths,
Marſeilles Quilts and Cotton Counterpanes,
White, blue, and colored Silk Hoſe, fanda'd and plain clocks,
White, black, and colored Cotton Hoſe,
Engliſh and French long and ſhort Silk Gloves,
Pic nic Gloves and Mitts,
White and colored extra long French Kid Gloves,
White and colored half Silk Hoſe,
Fine black Bombazets and Bombazeens,
Tortoiſe Shell and Ivory Stick ſpangled and plain Fans,
Black and colored Crape and common ditto,
Scarlet, blue, yellow and chocolate Bandannas,
Black Crapes, Modes, Pelongs and Sarſnets,
Engliſh, French, Italian and India Sattiveys,
Green Parafols, netted fringe,
Fancy ditto, ditto lined,
Tamboured and plain Mull Mull Muſlin,
Figured and plain Cambric Muſlins,
Ratinets, Callimancoes, Shalloons, Moreens, Taboreens and Wildbores,
Fine German Bed Bunts, Brown Hollands,
Furniture Chints and Calicoes,
Engliſh and Dutch Laces and Edgings,
Elegant Lace Cap Crowns,
Black Patient Laces,
Lace Cloaks and Cloak Patterns,
Triangular Lace Shawls,
Superfine Chintzes and Calicoes,
Furniture and Petticoat Dimities,
Superfine and common Cloths and Caſimers,
White and colored Marſeilles, Blue Nankeens,
And a variety of other ſtaple and fancy articles.

April 28, 1804 —3m.

M. WATSON,

No. 19 Dry ſtreet, has juſt opened an elegant aſſortment of CHILDBED LINEN, gentlemen's embroidered Shirts Cravats, and Shirt Handkerchiefs, &c. alſo, Sheets, Towels &c. &c. Nov. 19.

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
W. S. TURNER, SURGEON DENTIST

Reſpectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city that he practices in all the various branches of his profeſſion. He has Artificial Teeth with ſuch uncommon nicety as to reſemble all the uſeful properties of nature, and of ſo exact an appearance that it is impoſſible to diſcern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the Teeth is allowed to add every poſſible elegance to the human face, without giving the leaſt pain, or incurring the ſlighteſt injury to the enamel. In the moſt ragging Tooth-ache he can truly ſay, that his Tincture has very ſeldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from conſiderable ſtudy and practice) is attended with leſs pain and ſafety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any Lady or Gentleman, at their reſpective houſes, or he may be conſulted at No. 18 Dey Street, where may be had, with directions, his Antiſcorbutic Tooth Powder, a moſt innocent preparation of his own from Chemical and medical experience. It has been in great eſteem the laſt ten years, and is conſidered as pleaſant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth ſmooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth ache, that accumulation of tartar, (ſo much deſtructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a moſt delectable ſweetneſs.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouſe and Bookſtore No. 64 Maiden-lane.

January 20, 1804. 78d ſf.

PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he ſtill continues carrying on the above buſineſs and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS manufactured for the carpets purpoſe, from one to ſeven yards in width, together with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the buſineſs on a more extenſive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to ſerve his cuſtomers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimenſions, equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much ſhorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Thoſe ladies and gentlemen, who wiſh to be ſupplied with the above articles for the approaching ſummer, will do well to forward their orders ſoon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the ſpring, as ſome time is neceſſary for ſeaſoning.

☞ Orders left at Odborn and Van Noſtrand's, No 7 Beekman Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn Long-Iſland, will be aſſiduouſly attended to. Dec. 17

SEMINARY.

AS the partnerſhip of TOWNSEND KITCHELL, and MADAM will diſſolve, by mutual conſent, on the firſt day of May, the ſubſcriber makes uſe of this method to inform the public, that he has taken the room, occupied, the laſt year, by Mr Peter M Lean, in Dooſe-ſtreet, oppoſite the Methodiſt Meeting Houſe; where he intends opening his ACADEMY, for the enſuing year. Encouraged by the ſucceſs he has hitherto met with, he flatters himſelf that his endeavors will ſtill be crowned with the approbation of his employers; and that he ſhall merit and obtain the patronage of an enlightened public

WALTER TOWNSEND.

New-York, April 21, 1804.

MORNING SCHOOL.

M. NASH reſpectfully informs his friends and employers, that his Select Seminary for Young Ladies and Young Gentlemen, will, on the firſt of May next, be removed to No. 319 Pearl-Street, corner of Ferry-Street. And likewiſe that he propoſes commencing a Morning School for Young Ladies at that place, provided a ſufficient number apply previous to the above date.

April 21, 1804 797 d

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One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.